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Plautus - Trinummus - 1860.

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THE TRINUMMUS

OF

PLAUTUS.

Translated into English Verse.

—— "nisi quod pede certo
"Differt sermoni, sermo merus."
Hor. *Sat.* I. iv. 47.

BY

AN OLD WESTMINSTER.

OXFORD, AND 377 STRAND, LONDON:
JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER.
1860.

Price One Shilling.

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IS

DEDICATED

BY THEIR FAITHFUL SERVANT AND WELL-WISHER,

THE AUTHOR.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 9, line 14, *for* whosoe'er *read* whatsoe'er.

— 11, — 10, *for* But &c., *read* What? are we here alone, or not?

— —, — 12, *for* ask *read* ask;—

— —, — 27, *for* I *read I.*

— 20, — 30, *for* All yours is mine, *read* All mine is yours.

— 31, — 28, *for* knapsack,— *read* knapsack:—
and for cut away *read* he 'll away.

— —, last line, *for* him &c., *read* the house, since we 're turned out.

— 38, — 4, *for* My &c., *read*

His quickness will he prove, and speed,—in flight;—
Whilst his antagonist picks up the spoils!
But what do I the while? Why, then shall I, &c.

— 53, — 19, *for* And ease you &c. *read*

The very ground from 'neath you as you run!

The Translator's apologies are due for the above mistakes, typographical and otherwise;—perhaps for many others. He can only plead his great regret, and the pressure of other occupations. He laments to add that he was ignorant, until two days ago, that *Plautus* had been translated by *Bonnell Thornton*, a Westminster man of high distinction in the literary world in the middle of the last century. His present purpose would have been better served by simply reprinting that author's version.

Dec. 12, 1860.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE intended performance of a play of Plautus by the Scholars of Westminster College, after a banishment of more than sixty years, has called forth no little interest. The author of the following Translation of the *Trinummus* sends it forth as a proof, however slight, of his attachment to his old school, and of warm interest in the success of the ensuing Play. He is fully aware how much it falls short of what it should be,—but, such as it is, he launches his venture, trusting to the indulgence which he has presumed upon, and hoping that it may, perhaps, be of some little use, as a not unseasonable contribution towards the better appreciation of the Play, on the part of the general Visitors.

November 15, 1860.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prologue . . .	LUXURY. WANT.

MEGARONIDES . . .	*An Old Gentleman.*
CALLICLES	*An Old Gentleman.*
LYSITELES	*Son to* PHILTO.
PHILTO	*An Old Gentleman.*
LESBONICUS	*Son to* CHARMIDES.
STASIMUS	*A Slave.*
CHARMIDES	*An Old Gentleman.*
SYCOPHANTA . . .	*A Gent, ready for anything.*

THE PLOT.

CHARMIDES, going abroad for mercantile purposes, leaves Callicles his friend guardian and trustee of his son, an extravagant youth, and of his daughter; together with the management of his property, and in possession of the secret that a large sum of money was hidden or buried somewhere in the premises occupied by his said son. Callicles left Athens for some few days, during which Lesbonicus advertises the house for sale, to raise money. Callicles, returning, buys the house, to prevent its passing into other hands. In consequence, he got into bad repute with his fellow-citizens. His friend, Megaronides, comes to reprove him for his apparent unfaithfulness to his trust, and has the secret reason disclosed to him. Lysiteles, meanwhile, wishes to marry the sister of Lesbonicus, and as a kindness to his friend, will not accept the usual dowry. Callicles, feeling compromised by this arrangement, hires a *Sycophant* to pretend that he has brought the dowry from the absent father, intending to take a portion of the hidden treasure for the purpose. The Sycophant's arrival and that of the absent Charmides take place at the same moment; an amusing scene occurs, when all ends happily. The name of the play indicates the fee paid to the said Sycophant for his services.

PROLOGUE.

LUXURY—WANT.

Lux. Follow me, daughter, to fulfil thy task.
Want. I follow—but the end I see not yet.
Lux. The end is near—here is the house: go in.—
—Now, to prevent mistakes, I'll things explain
To you, my public, if you'll list to me.
Now, first of all, who *I* am, who *She* is
Who entered there, I'll tell you;—now, attend!
Our author Plautus gave to me the name
Of *Luxury*;—to my daughter here, of *Want.*
10* Now, why she entered *there* at my command,
Listen, I pray you, whilst I tell you all.
There is a certain youth who dwelleth there,
Who by my help hath squandered all his means.
Now seeing that to him, whose guest I was,
There's nothing left, my daughter I have sent
With him to dwell the balance of his days.
Now, the play's plot expect not me to tell:
The two old men, who first appear, will this
Disclose. The Greek name of the drama was
"*The Treasure,*" written by Philemon, but
By Plautus into Latin travestied.
20 He gave it a new name, "*The Three Gold Coins.*"
And now he asks of you to let this pass,
The name to stand—not fall;—'tis all he would.
Farewell! and listen, silently attent!

* N.B. The numbers show the corresponding line in the *Latin text.*

THE TRINUMMUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MEGARONIDES.

Meg. True—"the first bringer of unwelcome news[1]
"Hath but a losing office;"—yet to tell
A friend his real faults is, sure, of use.
So I, to-day, am bent my friend to lash
For his late undeservings;—not that I
The duty like, but faithfulness compels.
A plague now rests on qualities once good—
They wane and die; meanwhile a crop upsprings
Of vile affections; "Ill weeds grow apace"
In rich luxuriance; whosoe'er is good
Is rare and scarce; whilst evils flourish rank.
Of evil truly is the harvest full,—
And far too much the favour of the few
Is high esteemed; the many are forgot.
And thus, "Commodity, bias of the world,"[2]
In hateful opposition checks what's good,
And mars the public and the private weal.

[1] Shak. 2 K. Henry IV. Act i. Sc. 1. Cf. Soph. Antig. 277.
[2] Shak. K. John, Act ii. Sc. 2.

SCENE II.

CALLICLES — MEGARONIDES.

Cal. Ho there! with chaplet fresh adorn my *Lar*.
Wife mine! to prayers — that this our home may be
With fortune blessed, and happy; — and thyself,
As soon as may be, peacefully entombed! (*Aside.*)
Meg. Ha! ha! 't is he! a boy again, though old —
The guilty one thus ready for my lash —
I'll to the man.
Cal. Whose voice is this behind?
Meg. A friend's — if thou art he, I'd have you be.
If not, an enemy — one full angry too.
Cal. O friend, from olden days; all hail! how do'st?
Meg. Thy greeting I return — all well? and strong?
Cal. Upright and strong am I.
Meg. Pray how 's your wife?
Cal. Alas! far better than I'd have her be.
Meg. Why sure 'tis well, that she's alive and well.
Cal. I warrant you rejoice at my mishaps.
Meg. I wish my friends the same luck as myself.
Cal. Well, how's *your* wife?
Meg. Immortal, I believe;
She has nine lives.
Cal. Good news indeed; I pray
She may outlive you.
Meg. Ah! were she your wife,
I'd join your prayer.
Cal. Well, will you change? Shall I
Wed yours, you mine? I'd not be worsted by you.
Meg. No doubt, you'd catch me off my guard and win.

Cal. Yea, rather I would turn your head and win.
Meg. Well, keep your own; 'tis best to *know* the worst.
Were I to wed a stranger, woe is me!
A life of peace secures a length of days.
But now attend; these triflings put aside;
For I have come on business grave.
Cal. What's that?
Meg. To heap reproaches on you—and deserved.
Cal. On me?
Meg. But, are we here alone? let's look.
Cal. There's no one near.
Meg. On me? you ask as though
I came to heap reproaches on *myself.*
—Alas! if all those qualities of old
I knew in you are changed—good become bad—
You'd cast a sadness o'er your friends of old
To see and hear how changed;—sadness indeed!
Cal. Pray how came you to think thus ill of me?
Meg. We all, both men and women, should take care
T' avoid suspicion, as we would a fault.
Cal. It cannot be—
Meg. Why not?
Cal. You ask?
Meg. I do.
Cal. To keep myself from faults is in my power.
Suspicion rests with him who doth suspect:—
For, should I *now* suspect that *you* had stolen
The crown from off Jove's statue, where it stands
On highest summit of the Capitol,
Though guiltless all the while, can you prevent
My thus suspecting you, to please myself?
But, much I long to know this business.—Speak.
Meg. Have you a friend—familiar—any one
Who's truly wise?
Cal. Well, to speak plain, I have

Some, who are friends well proved;—in promise, some;—
Whilst others puzzle me to make them out;
But you of all my truer friends art he
Whom I call truest; therefore, if I've failed
In aught of duty, yours it is to bring
The charge against me,— or yourself be blamed.
Meg. I know it—for no other cause I'm here.
Cal. Well, then, say on.
Meg. Now, first of all, the talk
In town is much against you;—your good name
Is blown upon;—they call you Sharper—Cheat:—
Some "*The Old Vulture*" style you; and they say
Or friend or foe you care not, but bleed all.
To hear this of you much distresses me.
Cal. There's ground—and yet there's none, my friend,
—for this.
There's ground for gossip—no true ground for blame.
Meg. Was Charmides a friend of yours?
Cal. He was,
And is. The proof is ready; for when late
His son his fortune shipwrecked, and himself
Well-nigh to poverty he saw reduced,
His daughter, too, grown up and motherless,
He took his passage for Seleucia,
Left me his agent, guardian to his son
The scapegrace:—This is surely proof enough.
Meg. Well, then, this scapegrace you no doubt reclaimed,
Made him a steady, careful man;—since he
Was to your trust committed, in good faith.
That was your province—and your duty too—
To make him better;—not yourself become
As bad as he was, rival of his shame,
Joint sharer and contributor of wrong.
Cal. What have I done?
Meg. What bad men do—

Cal. That's not
My wont.
Meg. You bought that mansion from the youth,
Where now you dwell?—Ah! silence proves your guilt!
Cal. That I did buy the house I do confess—
But the full value paid I him in hand.
Meg. What! paid the money to him?
Cal. 'T is a fact—
I'll not deny it, nor regret I did it.
Meg. Woe to the ward entrusted to such trust!
Did'st give to him a sword to stab himself?
For that would be no worse, than paying down
So large a sum to such a scapegrace, wild
With lawless passion, void of self-control,
Wherewith to crown his ill-commenced course!
Cal. What, should I not have paid the money?
Meg. No!
You neither should have bought nor sold with him,
Nor given him rein to run to greater riot.
You've led your ward to ill, with craft seduced.
You have unhoused your friend who trusted you!
In faith! a prudent trust and well discharged!
Put trust in *him*, (*to the audience*) he'll not forget himself!
Cal. With these hard words and strange, you do compel
Me straight to tell you that which I should not,—
A secret charged upon my silence, faith,
And trust, to tell no man, nor blaze abroad.
Meg. Whate'er you tell me straight is yours again.
Cal. Look then around—that no eaves-dropper near
May listen,—look again, and well, I pray.
Meg. I'm all attent;—
Cal. Well,—silence;—I'll begin.
When Charmides set out to go abroad
He told me of a treasure in his house,
Here (*pointing*) in a certain cellar;—but look round.

Meg. There's no one.

Cal. Golden Philips, thousands three!
We were alone; — with tears he begged of me,
His friendship if I valued and my faith,
Not to disclose this secret to his son,
Nor yet to no one, so 't would come to him.
Now, should he come safe back, I will restore
His treasure to him; — otherwise, I 'll keep
The money as a dowry for his daughter,
To settle her in life becomingly.

Meg. Ye gods immortal! — how soon, with few words,
You've disenchanted me; — I came in wrath —
But, as thou hast begun, pray on, proceed.

Cal. Why need I tell you how this scapegrace has
His father's prudence thwarted, my good faith
In question called, the secret near wormed out?

Meg. How so?

Cal. Why thus: — I left town for some days;
Whilst absent, and in ignorance of what
He was about to do, without a word
To me, he advertised the house for sale!

Meg. The wolf was raving, ready for his prey;
He watched until the dog was pleased to sleep,
That so the flock entirely might be his.

Cal. And he'd have caught them all, but faithful dog
First snuffed the mischief: now I ask of you,
Pray tell me what my duty was to do?
Should I have told him of the treasure then?
The very thing his father charged me not; —
Or let the mansion pass to other hands?
The buyer would have bought the treasure too.
I, therefore, bought the house myself, and paid
The price, to save the treasure for my friend:
Not for myself nor my advantage, but
For him I bought it, at my own expense.

This I confess to, be it right or wrong.
My misdeeds now you know, my avarice too;
Is it for this that rumour points at me?
Meg. Ah! cease;—you've conquered him who came to lash.
You've shut me up,[1] and answer have I none.
Cal. Now then, I pray you, help me and advise;
And take your share in this my guardianship.
Meg. Most willingly.
Cal. Where are you going?
Meg. Home.
Cal. Do'st want me?
Meg. Guard your good faith.
Cal. That I'll do.
Meg. But, eh!
Cal. Well, what?
Meg. Where dwells that scapegrace now?
Cal. Here, in this cottage, he reserved its sale.
Meg. I wished to know that;—and the daughter too,
Lives she with you?
Cal. Just so,—and dear she is
To me as is my own.
Meg. That's good of you.
Cal. Now is there aught you ask me, ere I go?
Meg. Fare-*well*. There's nought so stupid in this world,
So stolid nought,—so lying, crafty, bold,
So perjured, as these pests men "gossips" call.
E'en I myself was drawn aside by them,—
Endorsed their statements by assent misplaced,—
False statements sprung from those who feign to know
All things, yet nothing know: for such pretend
To know your present and your future thoughts;
They know, forsooth, the Royal Chamber talk;

[1] "Occlusti linguam,"—a respectable parentage for the modern phrase.

They know what Juno whispers in Jove's ear;
Things possible, impossible, they know.
They launch their praises or their blame, just as
They please, not caring so they please themselves.
Now all men said of Callicles, that he
A scandal was to Athens and himself,
Because that he his ward had plundered.
I, led by their reports, in ignorance,
Rushed forth to-day to lash my guiltless friend.
Now had I traced the matter to the core,
The source and proof demanded of their talk—
This wanting, had I turned my lash on *them*,
The state some service should I so have done.
Soon would I thin their numbers, stop their talk:
Away with folly, and with senseless tongues!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

LYSITELES.

Lys. Full many troubles in my heart at once
Oppress me, whilst my thoughts are nought but grief.
I weary out myself,—myself chastise;
My mind wears out its tenement and me.
But yet I'm not so sure, nor am resolved,
Which line of two proposed I ought to take:
Whether to buckle to, and business choose,
Or give myself to pleasure and to love.
Which of these two gives satisfaction most?
I am not clear at all,—but this I'll do:
I'll try both courses;—judge and culprit be
Myself,—and both at once;—and so decide.
Now, first, of Love I will describe the course—
Its goods and evils. Never yet did Love
Select for votary but a selfish man.
These are his quarry;—these he plans to trap;
For Love's smooth-tongued, and so his votaries are—
Rapacious, scheming, frivolous, robber, spy,—
Faithless of secrets; for when once the game
Is struck with fatal blandishments, as though
By arrow pierced, forthwith the secret's out.
"If thou dost love me, honey, give me this."
When he, the spoony cuckoo,—"Yes, my duck![1]

[1] Νηττάριον: Aristoph. Plut. 1011.

Whate'er you ask me shall be thine at once."
She strikes the dangler,—has him for her own,—
And longs for this and that—nor sated is
To drink, to eat, to dress, at his expense!
Now all this course of Love, when I reflect
How worthless are its pleasures,—Hence! away!
Say I to Love;—I 'm not for thee! Although
Good living has its charms, yet Love entails
So much that 's bitter, that I 'm sick of it!
Love makes you fly the Forum;—makes your friends
Fly from your presence;—makes you fly yourself!
Therefore, for every reason 'neath the sun,
Keep Love a stranger—let him not come near!
Fall you in love?—you leap from Sunium's cliff!
Hence and away, once more, then, Love! Thy shafts
Keep to thyself!—I am no friend of thine!
O'er those who are thy slaves extend thy sway,
And lead them on to misery and shame!
My course is taken;—an active life be mine!
Nor let me shrink though labours follow hard.
This course all good men choose, whilst honour, faith,
Ne'er fail to bring prosperity and name.
My lot, then, be with these,—the good, the brave,
The noble,—rather than with empty fools!

SCENE II.

PHILTO—LYSITELES.

Phi. Ah! whither has he gone from out the house?
Lys. Father, I 'm here, and ready to command;
Nor will I hesitate—nor hide again.
Phi. You 'll be yourself again when me you love,

PLOT OF THE TRINUMMUS.

CHARMIDES, a wealthy, money-making Athenian, having lost much of his property through the recklessness of his son Lesbonicus, goes abroad. Before his departure, he secretly buries inside his house a large sum of money, as a reserve against future contingencies; and entrusts his interests, and the care of his spendthrift son, and of his unmarried daughter, to his friend Callicles: in spite of whose influence, Lesbonicus soon squanders away the little resources left to him, and then puts up his father's house to be sold. Callicles, to whom alone the secret of the treasure has been confided, comes forward, and buys the house of Lesbonicus for a small sum of money, which he pays over to the hands of the slave Stasimus, and so takes up his abode in the house of Charmides. For this act of apparent baseness Callicles is largely abused by his fellow citizens, and especially by his friend Megaronides, who comes on the stage, at the beginning of the Play (Act I., Scene I.), to expostulate with him upon his bad conduct. Thereupon Callicles, in self defence, is obliged to reveal the secret of the treasure to Megaronides, and at once silences him.

Meanwhile Lysiteles, a young Athenian of rank and character (Act II., Scene I.), falls in love with the sister of Lesbonicus, and knowing all her circumstances, sends his father Philto to ask Lesbonicus that he may marry his sister without receiving with her any dowry. This Lesbonicus proudly refuses (Act II., Scene III.), much to Stasimus' disgust; and still more, when he proffers as his sister's marriage portion a piece of land near the city, which is the sole remnant of his fortune. Stasimus labours hard (Act II., Scene III.) to dissuade Philto from accepting the field, by inventing all kinds of evils as attendant upon its possession, and Lysiteles also declines to accept it.

In the meantime Callicles (Act III., Scene III.), under the advice of his friend Megaronides, determines to provide a dowry for the young lady out of the hidden treasure; and in order that her brother Lesbonicus may not suspect whence the money really comes, he hires a sharper (the Sycophanta) from the forum, dresses him up as a foreigner, and gives him instructions to pretend that he has just come to Athens with letters from Charmides, and with a sum of money (a thousand gold pieces) as a marriage portion for his daughter. It happens that while the Sharper is just approaching Charmides' house, Charmides himself comes up (Act IV., Scene II.), having unexpectedly returned home. There ensues an amusing and exciting scene between the Sharper and Charmides—the former disclosing his pretended errand, with the letters and money from Charmides, and the latter eventually discovering himself to the Sharper, and demanding the money to be refunded, which is supposed to have come from him. Charmides next (Act IV., Scene III.) falls in with his slave Stasimus, who has been in great trouble about Lesbonicus' reckless conduct, and particularly his promising his last field for his sister's dowry; and he tells Charmides the story about the sale of his house to Callicles, and about Callicles having taken up his abode in it, and that he himself and his young master are now living in some back-buildings close at hand.

Charmides, of course, conceives that he has been betrayed by his friend Callicles, and nearly faints away at all the ill news; until, on hearing the truth from Callicles' own lips, as he comes out, spade in hand, from digging up the treasure, Charmides praises his friend's fidelity (Act V., Scene II.), and then consents to give his daughter to Lysiteles, with the proposed portion of 1000 gold pieces; and finally the Play ends, with the forgiveness of all Lesbonicus' offences, and he is informed that he is to be married to the daughter of Callicles.

For 'tis not like you to do otherwise.
My son,[1] I would not have thee go with men
Who wicked are, nor converse hold with them.
I know the world too well—how base it is!
The world would wish all wicked as itself;
For evil men turn all things upside down,
And swindlers, misers, jealous men confound
The good with evil,—duties to the State
With their own private interests;—all for gain!
This I lament—it makes me miserable.
I charge thee, day and night, avoid such men!
They bound their license solely by the chance;—
Give this, their rule is, "Strike—rob—hide thyself!"
I'm forced to play the woman with mine eyes,
To think that I have lived to see such men!
Would that I erst had join'd our sires at rest,
Whose glory these profane by praising them!
With all such men I charge thee, on thy love,
Acquaintance shun—contagion lives with them!
Follow my pattern, boy, and those of old,
And store my precepts in thy memory.
I value not those trifling, flippant ways,
Which e'en good men assume, and are the worse.
These my commands obey, my son, and then
Wisdom shall fill thine heart with all her stores.

Lys. Father, from early youth until this day
I've served a willing slavery to thy laws:
In heart a freeman and a gentleman,
To thee I felt it honour to be slave!

Phi. He who with inclination struggles hard,
From early youth, to keep his parents' laws,—
If inclination gain the day—'tis done!
He's slave unto his passions, uncontroll'd:

[1] Compare Polonius in "Hamlet," Act i. Sc. 3.

But when he subjects passion to himself,
His fame is greater than a conqueror's![1]
Thou, therefore, son, if thou art conqueror,
Rejoice in truth, for happy is thy lot;
For those who conquer, they alone are good.
Lys. My father, ever has my guardian been
Thy warning word;—nor ever have I strayed
Where wicked men assemble,—nor by night
To walk has been my wont in danger's way.
Nor have I robb'd my neighbour,—e'en of name.
To cause thee no uneasiness, I strove
To keep thy precepts all and every one.
Phi. Why thus recount? The good that you have done
Was for thyself—not me; I'm nearly spent:
Your special vantage is it to be good.
Add good to good, and so secure the good.
He is the best who thinks himself the worst;
He who rests satisfied with but partial good
Has not the name of good;—the humble have.
Lys. I did recount for this, O father dear,
Because a favour I would ask of thee.
Phi. Already 'tis half granted;—what is it?
Lys. A bosom friend of mine from early days—
A youth of good descent—has latterly
Mismanaged his affairs; and I would fain
Assist him, if thou'rt willing.
Phi. What, with cash?
Lys. Yes, from my purse;—for yours is mine, you know;—
All yours is mine.
Phi. But he—is he in want?
Lys. He is—
Phi. What? Had he never means?

[1] Proverbs, xvi. 32.

Lys. He had.
Phi. How, then, in want? Did Speculation jilt
Her votary? Was it in the public cause?
Or by some rash sea-venture did he lose?
No stock in hand, nor slaves, had he to sell?
Lys. Not these the causes, but by open house;—
A trifle, too, he squandered on himself.
Phi. Well, you have praised your friend enough, I think:—
Guiltless of good, a bankrupt, and in want!
With such I wish your friendship to be short.
Lys. He is good-natured;—I would fain assist
My friend to bear his poverty.
Phi. No thanks
Deserves he of a beggar who gives help
In meat or drink,—a loss the donor feels,
Whilst only it prolongs a wretched life.
I do not say this to deny thee, son;
But this old saw to thee and all I give:—
"Pity not others, lest they pity thee."
Lys. To fail him in his trouble I'm ashamed.
Phi. Far better shame than sorrow for the help.
Lys. We have been bless'd, my father, by the gods,
And by our thrifty ancestors with means:
Let it not grieve us that we help a friend;
Yea, rather let it shame us if we fail.
Phi. However great a fortune, take from it,
Is't more or less thenceforth?
Lys. Why less, no doubt.
But sure thou knowest, father, what's oft said
To stingy citizens:—"What you have, have not;
"Whilst all the evils that you have not, have:
"Since thus '*Dog in the manger*' playest thou."
Phi. I know it; but, my son, he's free, at least,
From such a charge, who nothing has to give.

Lys. By Heaven's bounty, father, we are bless'd
Wherewith to share such bounty with our friends.
Phi. Well, well—I'll not deny you what you ask.
Who is the friend you'd help?—speak frankly now.
Lys. 'Tis Lesbonicus, son to Charmides;
This is his house.
Phi. The youth who squander'd all?
Lys. Ah, father! chide him not; full many things
Fall to man's lot which he would otherwise.
Phi. Why now, my son, you do forget yourself:
Deceivèd, you deceive;—the wise can mould
His fortune for himself,[1]—mishaps occur
Only to bungling workmen. There is need
Of much contrivance where a man would shape
His fortune for himself.
Lys. But this my friend——
Phi. Ah! wisdom's master'd not by age, but wit.
Age is the spice of wisdom—wisdom is
The food of age. But say, what wouldst thou give?
Lys. I would give nought, my father, but receive;
I only pray you let *me take from him!*
Phi. What!—by receiving can you aid the poor?
Lys. Just so, my father.
Phi. Will you teach me how?
Lys. I will. You know his family is good?
Phi. One of the best in Athens.
Lys. Well; he has
A sister now grown up, and her I long
To make my wife, but not to take her dower.
Phi. Without her dower?
Lys. E'en so, and that without
At all involving you. By acting thus,

[1] Juvenal, Sat. x. 365:
"Nos te,
"Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cœloque locamus."

You will confer the greatest boon on him.
Phi. Shall I permit thee wed without a dower?
Lys. Yes—it must be; and thus you 'll gain a name
For gen'rous feeling and complacency.
Phi. Full many a saw and instance could I quote,
And that with eloquence, from ancient lore—
My early study, hobby of mine age;
But since I see that thou wilt bring to us
Friendship and favour, though opposed to thee
At first, this is my judgment now:—I yield;—
Ask her in marriage.
Lys. Heaven preserve thee now!
One favour more I ask.
Phi. And what 's that one?
Lys. Treat *you* for me with him;—and ask her hand!
Phi. Well, well,—what next?
Lys. Far better will *you* plead:
One word of yours is worth a score of mine.
Phi. Ah, what a business my good-nature's brought!
But yet I 'll ask her.
Lys. Kind of you indeed!
This is the house,—here dwells he,—and his name
Is Lesbonicus;—to him straight! At home
I will await thee, father.
Phi. (*Alone.*) This is not
The best of courses, nor what I could wish;
But still the matter might have been much worse.
Here is my consolation:—When a man
For ever thwarts his son to please himself,
His task is endless, and a foolish one;
For misery results:—he so prepares
A stormy winter for his latter days,
By raising out of season early squalls.
But the door opens whither I was bound—
Here 's Lesbonicus and his slave betimes.

SCENE III.

LESBONICUS — STASIMUS — PHILTO.

Les. It is about a fortnight — somewhat less —
Since you received from Callicles the price
Of this my mansion, — forty minæ odd, —
Is it not, Stasimus?
Sta. Pondering well the time,
I seem to think it may be — more or less.
Les. How stands the balance?
Sta. Meat and drink, perfumes,
Shampooing baths, — the baker, butcher, cook,
Greengrocer, poulterer, — these alone can tell,
And show the balance — Nothing! — all is gone!
For cash is evanescent, as the seeds
Of poppies which the ants have once attack'd.
Les. Six minæ only I put all these at.
Sta. What! — have I cheated?
Les. (*Aside.*) The greatest item that.
Sta. (*Aside.*) You'd not have known it had *you* kept the purse.
You think your purse no bottom has, I ween.
He who spends first — then counts the cost, 's a fool.
Les. But here no reckoning has been kept at all.
Sta. The reckoning is to hand — the cash is gone!
You had from Callicles, for the house he bought,
Sum-total forty minæ?
Les. That's the sum.
Phi. (*Behind.*) Ho, ho! I see my relative has sold
His father's house: he must turn porter, then,
When he returns, unless content to lodge
Within his son, amidst the dainties there.

Sta. A thousand drachmas of Olympian die
I paid the banker, for you owed so much.
Les. That sum I lent on mortgage.
Sta. Which you've spent
For that young friend whom you once wealthy call'd.
Les. I did.
Sta. And gone it is, no doubt?
Les. It is:
I saw him wretched, and I pitied him.
Sta. You pity others with a foolish pity;
Nor shame nor pity for yourself you feel.
Phi. 'Tis time to intervene.
Les. Is Philto here?
'Tis he.
Sta. (*Aside.*) In truth I would that he were mine,
His purse and all!
Phi. To master and to slave,
To Lesbonicus and to Stasimus,
Bids Philto greeting!
Les. Heaven all you wish
Grant, Philto, without stint! How fares your son?
Phi. He wishes well to thee!
Les. The same to him!
Sta. How empty is that phrase, "He wishes well!"
Unless 'tis follow'd up by doing well.
I *wish* to be a freeman, but in vain;
He (*pointing to Les.*) *wishes* to be prudent—all in vain!
Phi. My son has sent me to you to arrange
A favour and alliance at your hands:
He fain would wed your sister; and in this
My wishes go with his.
Les. I take you not!
Being wealthy, you thus taunt my humble means.
Phi. I am a man as thou art:[1] Heaven forbid

[1] Ter. Heaut. I. i. 25: Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

That I should taunt you thus unworthily!
In solemn truth my son entreats, by me,
That you would grant to him your sister's hand.
Les. 'Tis like that I should know my own estate!
A match between our families would be
Unequal,—out of sorts: another seek.
Sta. What!—are you mad?—such offer to reject!
A helping hand in need he'd be to you.
Les. Hence, and go hang!
Sta. You'd stop me if I went.
Les. Philto, unless you've other business with me,
My answer you have got.
Phi. I trust in time
That Lesbonicus will a kinder mood
Adopt than is his present; for two things
Are wont to mar a man's success in life:—
To *act* and *talk* with Folly at the helm.
Sta. He speaks the truth!
Les. I'll dig your eyes out straight,
If one more word you add!
Sta. I'll run the risk,
To save my credit for discerning well.
Phi. Say you, indeed, *your* wealth and rank are not
On par with *ours?*
Les. I do.
Phi. Well, then, suppose
You join a public dinner,—take your place;—
Your *vis-a-vis's* a well-known millionnaire;
The viands are served up; his clients him
Supply with every dainty; should of these
Aught take your fancy, would you dinnerless
Go home, t' avoid the pairing off with him?
Les. No, I should eat, unless *he* should forbid.
Sta. In truth, *I* 'd eat although *he* did forbid!
And that to full extent; and take, besides,

The very morsels *he* would choose himself.
I would not baulk my pleasure to please *him*.
I reverence no one when at table set:
Extremes there meet, and all are on a par.
Phi. You talk at random.
Sta. Sober earnestness!
I'd give precedence in the street, or road,
In public greetings; but at dinner-time
I yield to no one, till he thrashes me!
As things go now, a dinner 's no slight gain.
Phi. But this pray, Lesbonicus, bear in mind:
The best course is, that you yourself be best;
If that can't be, to choose the best of friends.
Now this proposal which I make to thee
Is from my heart, both as I give and take.
The gods are rich in blessing; there 'tis meet
That equal state should equal blessings share.
But we poor men are but a breath, a spark
Of life and wit, soon quench'd; and when once gone,
Between the beggar and the richer sort
There is no choice; one roll contains them both![1]
Sta. When you have shuffled off this mortal coil,
I wonder if your money-bags you 'll take,
And so be hailed there "the wealthy man!"
Phi. And now, to prove that in this match proposed
I seek no vantage, your good-will alone;
Without a dower I ask your sister's hand.
Heaven grant it! Shall it be? Why no respond?

[1] Horace, Od. I. 4. and III. i. 16:

"Æqua lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos;
Omne capax movet urna nomen."

Juvenal, Sat. X. 173:

"Mors sola fatetur,
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."

Sta. Ye gods immortal!—what a chance has he!
Phi. O say the words, "Heaven bless them, I consent!"
Sta. Where no occasion was, he did consent;
Where now occasion is, he won't consent!
Les. That you esteem us worthy to be kin
Of yours, I thank thee, Philto; but, in truth,
My folly is the bar to my consent.
There is, however, of my family means
Still left to me,—the remnant of my course
Of sad unthrift,—one poor and small estate,
Here close by Athens: that shall be the dower.
Phi. In truth, I will not take the dower at all!
Les. But I *must* give it!
Sta. Master, would you turn
Your old nurse out of doors who brought you up?
O do not do it! Where should *I* live then?
Les. Wilt hold thy tongue? Must I explain to *you?*
Sta. I'm done outright, unless I can concoct
Some neat device: Philto, a word with you!
Phi. What is it, Strasimus?
Sta. A trifle more this way! (*Taking him aside.*)
Phi. Well, here I am!
Sta. A secret great have I
To tell you; but be careful lest *he* know,
Or any else.
Phi. Trust me for what you will.
Sta. In Heaven's name, I beg thee, never take
That farm for thine, or dowry for thy son!
I'll tell you why.
Phi. In truth, I long to know.
Sta. Well, first of all, whenever ploughtime comes,
For each five furrows ploughed the oxen die!
Phi. Absurd!
Sta. That farm's the very gate of hell!
The wine, ere it's fermented, putrid turns!

Les. He will prevail, I fear; but, rascal though,
The fellow's to me faithful.
Sta. Hear the rest:—
And then, when others have a harvest full,
This farm returns but half the seed you sow!
Phi. Ah, well! *there* evil habits should be sown,
That in the sowing they might come to nought!
Sta. Ne'er yet was any one who held that farm,
But things turn'd ill with him; for some have died,
Some banish'd were, and some have hang'd themselves;
And now see there the man who holds it now!
(*Pointing to Lesbonicus.*)
He's at a standstill! Look how he's reduced!
Phi. Away with such a farm from me!
Sta. Indeed
Ten times you'd say "Away!" if all you knew:
Why every other tree by thunderbolts
Is blasted there,—the pigs all die of choking!
The sheep all have the rot,—are short of wool
As is this hand of mine; the slaves, besides,
Although of Syrian race, and hardy all,
Not one lives out six months,—down drop they straight
As surely as the solstice season comes!
Phi. That may be, Stasimus; but the sturdy hinds
Campania sends outvie the Syrian stock.
But for the farm, 'tis clear, on your report,
All rascals forthwith should be banish'd there!
We know the "Islands of the Blessed," far
'Mid western waves, receive the pure and good;
So seemeth it but right that *here's* the place,
At last, in which to imprison all the bad.
Sta. It is the very home of misery!
But why proceed?—*All* evils you'll find there!
Phi. (*Aside.*) Yes, and *you're* one—or there or elsewhere!

Sta. Pray
No word to *him* (*pointing to Lesbonicus*) of this!
Phi. The secret's safe!
Sta. In truth, he's anxious much to sell the farm,
If he can find a fool to purchase it.
Phi. It never shall be mine!
Sta. If you are wise! (*To Philto.*)
(*To himself.*) Right cleverly I've frightened the old man—
For if *he* (*pointing to Les.*) gave the farm, I should be starved.
Phi. Well, Lesbonicus, I return to thee.
Les. What said this rascal to you? tell me pray.
Phi. Why? what d'you think? 'tis natural you know,—
He wishes to be *free*;—but has no cash.
Les. And I, too, wish for money,—but in vain.
Sta. The chance was yours,—if you had willed it then;
But now it's gone—there's nothing to be won.
Les. What say you, Stasimus?
Sta. I spoke of what you spake;
The chance *was* yours—but now it is *too late.*
Phi. About the dower I can't consent at all;
Settle yourself this matter with my son.
I simply now demand your sister's hand
For him—and, bless the match! What, doubtful still?
Les. Well, well; since you will have it,—I consent;—
And Heaven bless the match!
Phi. Sure, parent ne'er
Longed for his son, as I to hear that word.
Sta. And Heaven *will* bless the match!
Phi. I join the prayer.
Now, Lesbonicus, straight come home with me,—
And fix the day betimes,—and settle all.
Les. Here, Stasimus, to Callicles's house,
Go quick and tell my sister how things stand.
Sta. I go.

Les. And say 'I her congratulate.'
Sta. I will.
Les. And say to Callicles, 'I hope
He'll meet me soon'—
Sta. But why not go yourself?
Les. 'T' arrange about the dowry'—
Sta. Go yourself!
Les. 'For I *must* pay the dowry'—
Sta. Go yourself!
Les. 'Him I'll secure from losses.'
Sta. Come now, go!
Les. Alas! my negligence!
Sta. Only go yourself!
Les. 'T is right that I should suffer!—
Sta. Go yourself!
Les. 'T is that that bars me chiefly!—
Sta. Go yourself!
Les. O father, shall I ever see thee more!
Sta. Come, go, go, go, go, go, go, go yourself!
Les. Attend the business that I gave thee now—
I'll soon return.
Sta. I 've gained my point at last:—
Ye gods! 'midst troubles well have things turned out!
If that farm's mine, at least—but doubtful still
It seems to be, what will be done with it.
Should it go from me, I may hang myself;—
Or soldier must I turn, and bear the shield,
The sword,—and knapsack,—cut away from town,
As soon as e'er the nuptials shall take place;—
Or take to brigandage, and run the risk
Of life in Asia or Cilicia.
But hence! —my orders to fulfil I'll go,
Although I hate him, if he turn me out.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALLICLES — STASIMUS.

Cal. What say you, Stasimus?
Sta. That my master's son
Our Lesbonicus, has his sister bound,—
Has promised her in marriage on these terms.
Cal. To whom has he so promised her?
Sta. To one
Lysiteles, the son of Philto — but
Without the usual dowry.
Cal. What! is she
About to make so good a match without
A dowry? 't is incredible;—
Sta. You doubt; —
If you believe not this I shall begin
To doubt myself,—and my regard;—
Cal. But where
And when was 't settled?
Sta. Here, before the house,
"Twa minits bock," as said the Prænestine.
Cal. So, Lesbonicus has become more close
In bankruptcy than in prosperity!
Sta. Philto himself came his son's cause to plead.
Cal. No dowry with the damsel 's a disgrace!
Indeed, myself, I feel concerned in it;—
I 'll counsel with my friend who came to lash.[1]

[1] Act i. Scene 1.

Sta. I 've got an inkling why he hurries so—
'T is Lesbonicus' *farm !*—he has the *house :*—
O absent master, Charmides ! how sad
The ruin of your fortune ! Oh ! that I
Could see thee safe again, to vengeance wreak
Upon thine enemies ; — whilst thanking me
For all my faithful service done to thee.
How difficult it is to find a friend,
Who claims the name of right, to whom you may
Commit yourself in safety and sleep sound.
But lo ! I see the future brothers there !
There is some hitch between them ; — now they walk
With quickened pace, pursuer and pursued ; —
The one the other seizes by his cloak:
But now they 've stopped in full disorder ; — here
I'll hide myself to listen to their talk !

SCENE II.

LYSITELES — LESBONICUS — STASIMUS.

Lys. Stay you, I pray, nor hide yourself from me !
Les. Canst thou not let me, whither I was bound,
Proceed in peace ?
Lys. Yes, if the matter were
For your advantage, character, or name.
Les. You take the easier course.
Lys. What 's that ?
Les. To harm
Your friends.
Lys. 'T is not my wont, nor know I how.
Les. You seem to have a natural turn for it.

If taught, how well you 'd do 't, experience shows.
Pretending kindness you but injure me,
By ill advising.
Lys. I?
Les. Yes, you!
Lys. How so?
Les. You do that I like not.
Lys. I wish you well.
Les. Canst thou wish me more well, than I myself?
I'm wise enough to see what's best for me.
Lys. Is 't wise a proffered kindness to reject?
Les. No kindness that, received against one's will.
I know myself and feel what I should do,—
Nor flags my mind,—nor shall I yield to thee,
To put aside the world's opinion.
Lys. What!—but no longer can I keep myself
From speaking frankly to your undeservings.
Is it for this your ancestors gave name
And credit to your family, that you
Should mar by vice that good name so obtained,
And stain the honour of your race to come?
Your sire and grandsire made the path quite smooth
For you t' attain to honours in the state;
But you have made it rough and difficult
By evil habits, sloth, and ill deserts.
Pleasure to duty you preferred;—and now
Think by this scruple to conceal the past!
Les. Alas! not so.
Lys. Then, rouse yourself, and cast
Sloth from your inmost soul, and be a man!
In truth it is for this intent that I
Wish that that farm should still be left to you;
For thus you may employ yourself and mend.
Beware lest enemies, here in Athens, yet
Cast in your teeth your utter worthlessness!

Les. All this I do confess, and set my seal
To all my foulness;—country, friends disgraced!
I knew my duty, and I did it not:
By love and ease entangled I went wrong.
I thank you, as your kindness may deserve.
Lys. Despise not, then, my words: I cannot budge
From this my purpose; and it grieves me too
That you scarce feel your shame:—despise my words,
This last occasion lose,—you will be lost,
All lost to honour, by yourself obscured;
When most you 'd wish to be of good repute!
(*Lesbonicus is overcome—Lysiteles relents.*)
Ah! Lesbonicus, I know thee yet for good;—
I know thy errors were scarce thine,—that love
Clouded thy better judgment. Well I know
The ways of love;—'t is as an arrow shot
From engine far away; in flight there 's nought
So piercing and so swift;—it strikes the man,—
Thrusts through his very soul,—perverts his mind,
His thoughts and intercourse with others sours:
The best proposal is the worst received;—
The worst is best:—in want, desire springs;
In plenty and enjoyment then it fails.
Who leads you gently, drives;—who would persuade
To right, forbids:—to hide in Cupid's lair
Is forthwith madness and insanity!
But once, again, I warn you, think of this;
If you go on, as you seem like to do,
You will consume your good name utterly,
As though in flames of fire;—then, too late,
A remedy[1] you 'll seek;—with lover's craft
No spark you 'll leave, whence light may spring again
To brighten up anew your credit gone!

[1] Remedy, *i.e.* by raising *money*.

Les. Such spark[1] may yet be found,—perchance from foes!
But, whilst you lash me thus for faults, you drive
Me onwards into wrong:—you ask me now
To give my sister to you without dow'r!
This suits me not, nor is it seemly now,
That I, the spendthrift, having squandered much
Of our joint family means, should live at ease,
And keep this farm, whilst she is left to want!
She then would hate me justly;—he who bears
Himself at home in kind and gentle mood
Will ne'er displease his neighbours; I shall do
As I have said:—cease further argument.
Lys. You think it, then, far better to incur
Want for your sister's sake; that I should have
The farm before yourself; whilst yet you lack
The means whereby to mend your fallen state!
Les. I do not wish you to provide for me
How I may bear my want; but how, though poor,
I may escape the charge of infamy!
Lest it be said of me about the town,
"He gave his sister as a concubine,
"Without a dowry—rather than as wife."
What could be worse than that? Now, such report,
To you a sort of credit, would to me
Most justly be a stain of deep disgrace!
To you a credit, but to me a taunt!
Lys. What! if I take the farm; wilt thou conceive
Thyself Dictator?
Les. That's not my wish, nor aim;
The highest honour to an honest man,
Is duty kept in mind and well performed!
Lys. Ah! now I know your feelings;—I can trace

[1] Spark—*money*, again; a confusion of metaphor.

Your motive and your purpose; it is this—
When once your sister you have bound to me
In wedlock's tie, this dowry too giv'n o'er,
And nothing you have left to live upon,
You 'll fly the country, and your kindred too,
Your friends and all, a purseless renegade!
And then the world will call me miserly,
And charge me with thy flight:—I pray thee now,
Think not that this I ever can permit.
Sta. I can hold out no longer. Bravo! good!
Well done, Lysiteles! have at him again!
You bear the palm away; he 's done; your rôle
Has vanquished his! (*to Lesbonicus*) *He's* more for argument;
And better verses makes; beware, I say,
The charge of folly;—and beware the fine![1]
Les. Why, who bade *you* intrude? Why came you here?
Sta. My reasons for being here now take me off!
Les. Let 's home, Lysiteles, there we can renew
This talk.
Lys. I like all open,—nothing hid;—
I speak my mind, and plainly; if you give
Your sister to me—as I think it right—
Without a dowry, and yourself will stay
Nor fly abroad, then all that's mine is thine!
But, if averse to this,—then, Fare thee well!
My friendship 's on these terms;—you know my mind!
Sta. In truth, he's gone! What ho! Lysiteles!
I want *you* here:—why! he too 's also gone!
You 're left alone, my Stasimus! and now
What shall I do, but bind my knapsack on,
And fit my shield aback, my buskins too
Resole for service? Things seem moving now!

[1] Bad actors at Rome were *fined*.

I soon shall see myself a soldier's man,—
And go with master when he dines at court:—
Perhaps in presence of great warriors,
My quickness shall I prove, and speed,—in flight,
To pounce upon the spoil,—and plunder him
Who challenges my master!—then, shall I
My bow and arrows take, and helm on head—
Retire to sleep in safety in the tent!
But now to market—and demand the loan
Lent six days back;—to pay my way withal!

SCENE III.

MEGARONIDES—CALLICLES.

Meg. Well, as you put it, Callicles, 't is clear
The dower, as usual, *must* be paid with her.
Cal. It would not be a creditable match,
If dowerless I suffered her to wed,
Whilst all the time the means were in my hand.
Meg. The dowry, true, 's with you; unless you wait
Her brother's giving her away without;
You then can go to Philto, and pretend
That *you*, her father's friend, the payment make.
But much I fear lest such an offer cause
The people to suspect you, and your name
Be thus disgraced; for they may say that you
Have secret reasons for the kindness shown;—
That all the while the father gave the cash—
That you but squander it, nor pay it o'er,
In full, as 'twas received, but take from thence.
Still yet, to wait till Charmides comes back

Would be delay; meanwhile *his* fancy, changed,
May bar the match, which now 's so tied to terms.
Cal. That self-same thought had just occurr'd to me.
Meg. Well, see if this the better plan you think,
That I to Lesbonicus should tell all.
Cal. What! show the treasure to a youth untamed—
A youth a slave to love and wantonness?
Ye Heavens forbid! For this I surely know,
He soon would clear the treasury itself,
Contents and all. Why I myself, in dread
Lest he should hear the sound, forbear to dig.
He soon would scent the gold, if I gave out
That I would pay the dowry.
Meg. Well, what then
Remains to do?
Cal. In secret must we take
The cash, when chance suggests occasion.
Meanwhile let 's borrow from a friend at hand.
Meg. Have you a friend at hand who 'll lend?
Cal. I have.
Meg. Pooh, pooh! I hope that you may find you have!
In truth I 've not myself wherewith to lend.
Cal. I much prefer the truth to borrowing.
Meg. Well, here 's a plan for you!
Cal. What plan?
Meg. A plan
Of rare conceit and cleverness, I think.
Cal. What is 't?
Meg. Let 's hire a man here from the town,
As best we may,—a stranger and unknown;
We 'll dress him up in foreign fashion,—quite
A picture of a stranger.
Cal. What of that?
Meg. He must be bold, unscrupulous, and false,—
To truth a stranger.

Cal. Well, what then?
Meg. Why, then,
He must pretend he 's from Seleucia,
With message for the youth; his father's words
He must recount, for safety and for health;
And that he 'll soon return: two parchment rolls
He 'll bring—for letters; these we 'll seal before,
As though his father sealed them; one of them
To *him* he must deliver, saying that
The other is for *thee.*
Cal. On, on!—proceed!
Meg. He 'll say, moreover, that he 's brought the gold
Her father sends for dowry, and that he
Bade him give this to thee:—You take me now?
Cal. I think I see the plan—and well approve.
Meg. Then you shall give that gold unto the youth
The day he weds the damsel!
Cal. Capital!
Meg. You 'll thus prevent your ward suspecting you,
When you have dug the treasure from its nest:
He 'll think the money which you take from thence
Is sent you by his father.
Cal. Capital!—
Although such plots but ill become my years.
But when the letters he shall bring to us,
What think you, will the youth detect the seal
As not his father's?
Meg. Will you hold your tongue?
Six hundred reasons for the change may be!
He lost the seal he had—he bought a new.
But even if unsealed he brings them, still
Excuse is ready: for the seal was broke
Down at the harbour, for inspection there
By the officials. But why waste the day
With such objections—witless, spiritless?

For spin out such to any length you may.
Go to the treasury forthwith—alone;
Send out your slaves and maidens; and—d' you hear?—
Cal. I do.
Meg. Take care your wife knows nothing of it!
In truth to keep a secret—there 's the rub!
Why stay you now? Be off, I say, and on!
Off hence,—on business!—dig the treasure up,
Take thence your need, and then close up again;
But all this quite alone, as I have charged—
And charge thee yet—to turn all out of doors!
Cal. I 'll do so:—
Meg. But the talk begins again—
We waste the day, when there is need of haste.
Pray do not dread the seals—'tis nothing! Look
At me, and courage take! Th' excuse I named
Is quite sufficient—say they 're at the port,
Left for inspection. Don't you know the hour?
Day wanes! What think you of that fellow now,
As is his wont and nature? Why, he 's drunk,
And ready to approve of any proof;
Besides, our dummy can but say he brought
The letters safely—did not fetch them thence.
Cal. Enough!
Meg. I 'll go the Sycophant to hire,
And sign and seal the letters—send him, then,
His task well conned, to take them to the youth.
Cal. And now I 'll to my business—you to yours.
Meg. I 'll manage mine, at least, you simple fool!
(*Aside.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CHARMIDES.

Cha. All hail to Neptune, brother of ethereal Jove!—
All-powerful Lord of Ocean! Thee I thank,
And sing thy praises, full of grateful joy!
And ye, O briny waves! within whose power
My life and fortune trembled for a while!—
Until at length ye landed me, returned
In health and safety to my native shore!
Then hail to thee again, O Neptune!—more
Than other gods I honour thee with thanks!
For fashion 'tis to call thee savage, stern,
Unsparing, cruel, foaming, raging lord
Of ocean's terrors; but I 've found thee mild,
Placid and gentle, as I wish'd, at sea!
'Mongst men I 've heard this praise of thee before,
That thou art wont to spare the poor—the rich
Condemning and subduing to thy sway!
Well may I praise thee, then, and give thee thanks!
Thou knowest how in turn to deal with men:
'Tis worthy of a god to spare the poor,
And mete hard measure to the nobler class.
Though faithless call'd, thou 'rt faithful to thy fame;
For without Thee full well I know thy slaves
And ministers of tempest would have dash'd
My goods and me asunder in the deep!—

When, like to hounds full cry, the waves pursued
The luckless ship, and whirlwinds raged around,
In storm and rain descending—as intent
With hostile anger straight to split our mast,
Bring down the yards with sudden sweep, or burst
Our sails to ribbons, hadst Thou not been near
To bid the hurly yield to gentle Peace!—
Enough of storms for me! Henceforth to ease
I give myself;—my wealth I will enjoy.
To think what troubles I have undergone,
To make a fortune for my spendthrift son!—
But who is this abroad, in fashion new
And strange indeed? I 'll turn aside to see,
And watch him, though I 'm anxious to get home.

SCENE II.

SYCOPHANTA—CHARMIDES.

Syc. This shall be called "Three-guinea day" with me!
For, for that sum I 've hired myself to-day
To play a funny part with sly device;
For I pretend that I am just arrived
From Macedonia and Arabia,
Seleucia, Asia, and from everywhere—
Regions untrodden and unseen by me!
Ah, see what shifts the poor are forced to make!
For, for the sake of these three golden coins,
I am to say that I these letters had
From one I never knew,—nay, know not if
He lives or not,—or ever such was born!

Cha. In truth, this fellow seems of mushroom kind:

His head's so large, it covers all the man!
His features are Illyrian, his dress
Is also of that province.
Syc. He who hired
My services this day first took me home,
Taught me my part, and showed me how to act:
Should I improve the rôle, he'll be more pleased.
I'm dressed as he equipped me;— see what cash
Can do! These trappings, ornaments, and things
He gave a bond for to a manager.
Now I with these the youth to circumvent
Will do my best, tho' he may plainly see
That I'm a sycophant.
Cha. The more I look, the less
I like this man. Methinks he's nothing but
A footpad or a cutpurse! How he looks
About him, marks the houses, notes the doors!
In truth he's planning his next burglary!
I long the more to watch him;—I'll do so.
Syc. My patron bade me mark the houses here,
For here's my scene of action and pretence.
This door I'll knock at.
Cha. Straight to my very door
He bends his steps! 'Tis well I am arrived!
I'll watch to-night.
Syc. Ho! open to my knock!—
Ho! open quick! Who's guardian of the gate?
Cha. What want you, my young man? Why knock you there?
Syc. Ah, oldster! here I seek a certain youth
Named Lesbonicus: lives he here or not?
An old man, too, I want, whose locks are grey
And white as yours—his name is Callicles.
He gave these letters to me.
Cha. Why, the man

Is looking for my son and Callicles,
My friend who 's acting for me as trustee!
Syc. Tell me, I pray, do they live here or not?
Cha. What, seek you them?—Who are you?—whence come you?
Syc. When I was rated for my taxes, then
I gave account in full. You ask too much—
Too many questions: where shall I begin?
Now, if you civilly ask them one by one—
My name, my doings, wherefore I am here,—
I 'll tell you clearly. *Cha.* Well, I close with you:
First tell me, please, your name?
Syc. Your first is best—
The most important! *Cha.* Why?
Syc. Because, old man,
If you begin at daylight with my names,
Night will o'ertake you ere you reach my last!
Cha. Well, one must take a torch, and prog besides,
To journey to the end of all your names!
Syc. I 've yet a wee name—wee as wine-cups are.
Cha. What name is that, young man?
Syc. That name is *Pax;*
For *Peace* I 'm call'd, in daily intercourse.
Cha. A funny name—jocose, in truth—as if
You bade me, should I trust you, Go in peace![1]
(*Aside.*) This fellow is a Sycophant, 'tis clear!
Tell me, young man——
Syc. What?
Cha. Tell me what those men
Whom you are seeking have to do with you?
Syc. The father of the youth I named before,
One Lesbonicus, gave these letters to me:
He is a friend of mine.

[1] Marmion, ii. 32. "Sinful brother, part in peace."

Cha. (*Aside.*) He speaks plain now!
He says that *I* these letters gave to him!
I'll play the fellow to his heart's content!
Syc. As I commenced, if you'll attend, I'll on.
Cha. I am your servant.
Syc. This letter to his son—
To Lesbonicus—bade he me deliver;
This other to his friend, old Callicles.
Cha. (*Aside.*) Well, as he trifles thus, I'll trifle too!
Where was he when he gave them?
Syc. He was well.
Cha. But *where* was he, I say?
Syc. A long way hence—
In far Seleucia.
Cha. Hadst thou them from *him?*
Syc. His hands to my hands gave them into trust.
Cha. Pray what sized man is he?
Syc. Say half a foot
Taller than you are.
Cha. Here's a hitch indeed,
If I am taller absent than at home! (*Aside.*)
Cha. Didst know the man?
Syc. Absurd! I dined with him
Six days a-week!
Cha. His name?
Syc. A good name, sure!
Cha. I'd hear it!
Syc. Well, his name was - - - - Lack-a-day!
Cha. What say you?
Syc. I have gulped the name right down—
It's gone!
Cha. Methinks he's not agreeable
Who keeps his friends tight closed within his teeth!
Syc. And yet the name was ever on my lips!
Cha. I'm here in nick of time! (*Aside.*)

Syc. (*Aside.*) I'm clearly caught!
Cha. Well, have you coined the name yet?
Syc. I'm ashamed!
Cha. Bethink you, how you knew the man.
Syc. As me
Myself; but so it happens oft, that that
You have in hand or eye, you lose and lack.
The letters of the name I will recall—
C was the first.
Cha. Was 't Callias?
Syc. 'T was not.
Cha. Well then, Callippus?
Syc. No.
Cha. Call'demides?
Syc. Not that.
Cha. Then was it Callinicus?
Syc. No.
Cha. Was 't then, Callimachus?
Syc. You waste your time,
Nor do I think it is of consequence.
Cha. But many Lesbonicuses are here—
Unless you give the father's name as well,
I cannot show you where these parties dwell.
What was it like? by trying we may find.
Syc. 'T was like this—Char—
Cha. Was 't Chares then?
Syc. 'T was not.
Cha. Or Charidemus, was it?—Charmides?
Syc. Ha! that's the name—but hang the man, I say.
Cha. I said just now 't was better to speak well,
Than ill of friends.
Syc. Ah! well! the man stuck hard
Within my lips and teeth, though but *so so.*
Cha. Abuse not absent friends.

Syc. Then, why did he,
The drone, escape me?
Cha. Had you challenged him
By name, he would have answered by the same.
But where is he?
Syc. At Rhadama I left him,
In Cecrops' isle.
Cha. How silly 't is of me,
To be thus asking where I am myself;
But still 'tis of advantage: (*aside*) — What say you?
Syc. What?
Cha. As I asked you erst — where have you been?
Syc. In wondrous places truly.
Cha. I would hear —
If not a bore to you.
Syc. Nay, I am glad
To tell my travels; — first of all, we went
To Arabia in Pontus.
Cha. What is that?
Say you Arabia is in Pontus?
Syc. Yes; —
Not that Arabia where incense grows —
But where our wormwood and sweet marjoram,
Which chickens like.
Cha. This trifler draws his lines
(*Aside*) With graphic boldness, and inventive is!
How silly of me to be thus in quest
Of whence I come myself, while all the time
I know, and he does not — but, still, to try
How far the fellow will proceed at last; —
What say you? thenceforth whither went ye?
Syc. If
Your honour will attend I 'll speak — I went
To that stream's source, which springs beneath the throne
Of Jove himself.

Cha. Beneath the throne of Jove?
Syc. Assuredly.
Cha. In heaven?
Syc. Aye, the midst.
Cha. What! have you clomb the sky?
Syc. Yes, in a skiff,
Which went right up the stream against the tide!
Cha. But, tell me; saw you Jove?
Syc. No, I was told,
(The other gods, 't was, told me,) that he 'd gone
Down to his villa to put out the meat
To fitly furnish forth the servants' hall.
And then,—
Cha. And then! I wish no more from you.
Syc. I 'm silent, if I bore you.
Cha. One should call
That man dishonest, who declares that he
Had soared to sky from earth.
Syc. Most willingly
I 'll drop the subject if you so prefer.
But, pray you, show me where these people dwell,
Those whom I seek to hand these letters to.
Cha. What say you now? if Charmides himself,
Who, you assert, entrusted you with them,
Should come in sight by chance—wouldst know the man?
Syc. Do you suppose that I 'm a stupid brute,
Not to know him with whom I 've passed my life?
Or would *he* be so foolish as to give
A thousand Philips to me, to convey
As "per his Order" to his son and friend,
This Callicles, his guardian and trustee,
Had we not known each other thoroughly?
Cha. Well, now, this trickster I must trick in turn;
Perchance I 'll foil him through this very sum,
The thousand Philips, which he says that I

Entrusted to him!—a man I never knew—
Nor saw, until this day—to him forsooth!
Why, were my life at stake, I would not trust
The fellow with three farthings!—now, to close
With him I must be crafty:—prithee, Pax,
I'd speak three words with you!
Syc. Three hundred, if
It suits your pleasure.
Cha. Have you now the gold
Which you received from Charmides?
Syc. I have:
He told the money out himself by hand,—
One thousand Philips.
Cha. Straight from Charmides
You had them, then?
Syc. A wonder 't would be, sure,
If I had had them from his sires long dead.
Cha. Then give me up the gold, young man, I say!
Syc. Why should I give the gold to thee?
Cha. Because
You do confess receiving it from me.
Syc. Receiving it from thee?
Cha. Yes, I maintain
You so admitted.
Syc. But pray who are you?
Cha. I 'm he who gave the thousand pounds to you;
My name is Charmides.
Syc. But, by Jove, you 're not;
Nor shall be ever, as concerns this gold.
Avaunt thee! trickster! think to trick a trickster?
Cha. I 'm really Charmides.
Syc. It is no use—
No gold have I!—but pretty sharply hast
Thou tried to catch me in the nick of time.

As soon as e'er I told you I had gold,
That moment you became old Charmides!
Before, thou wast not, till I spake of gold!
It's all in vain—you 'd best give up the rôle;
You took up Charmides; now, un-Charmidize!
Cha. But who on earth am I, if I'm not he
I really am?
Syc. What matters that to me?
Provided you 're not he, I would not; be
Whoe'er you please, as far as I 'm concerned.
You, erst, were not, whom, now, you say you are:
You, now, are he, whom, erst, you disallowed.
Cha. Come now, to terms.
Syc. What terms?
Cha. Give me the gold.
Syc. You dream, old fellow!
Cha. Did you not assert
That Charmides the gold did give to you?
Syc. By all means! write it down!
Cha. Betake yourself
Hence, swindler, and that quickly, off from hence,
Before I order out the stocks for you!
Syc. Why such foul treatment?
Cha. Because that *I am he,*
Who, you pretend, those letters gave to you!
Syc. What 's this? what are you *he?*
Cha. I'm *he* indeed!
Syc What say you? *he indeed?*
Cha. I say it.
Syc. *He?*
Cha. *He,* I repeat it, very Charmides!
Syc. Then—*you are he!*
Char. More *he* than any one!
Hence from my sight!
Syc. Well, since you come thus late,

I 'd serve you out if I were on the bench
With these new Ædiles.
Cha. Do'st insult me too?
Syc. Yes, since you 're come thus safe; now, hang me, if
I care a farthing if you 'd perished first!
This was my very part, for which I had
My fee—I bid you come to grief ere long!
But—who you are—are not—I care not *that!*
Well, I 'll to him, who gave me this my fee,
To tell him, all is up—I go: *Fare well;*—
Or rather;—*Fare thee ill—for all thy days!*
A curse on thee for coming home just now!
Cha. And now he 's gone at last, I 'm free to speak
As time and circumstance demand of me.
Already now it pricks me to the heart
With apprehension—what *he* was about
Before my very doors! that letter, too,
Concèntrates all my fears! the gold besides!
What meant he by it? I am sick at heart!
The bell ne'er tinkles without cause, I ween;
There must be one to pull it, else 't is dumb!
But who is this, who seems inclined to run
Adown the street?—I 'll watch him—what he does.

SCENE III.

STASIMUS—CHARMIDES.

Sta. Now, Stasimus, be quick! Come, get thee home!
Lest, through thy folly, fear hold up the rod.
Come, quick! Make haste! 'T is long since thou left home!
Beware, again, lest, worse, the ox-whip loud
And crackling lash thee soundly, if away
When master calls. Stop not, but homeward run!

But what a man art thou, my Stasimus!
A silly fellow!—to forget your ring,
When in the tavern you but warmed your throat!
Start back, and look for it!
Cha. Whoe'er this is,
A weevil is his trainer—teaches him
His course and pace!
Sta. But what? Art not ashamed
To be so silly?—thus to lose thy head
With three small wine-cups! Was it now because
The parties were respectable with whom
You drank?—or men who 'd scorn to ease you of it?
Let's see;—there was Theruchus,—Crinus, too,—
Cricobolus, and Collabus, to wit,—
And Cerconicus;—but there were, besides,
Cobblers, and craftsmen, convicts, men on town;—
What? Think you amongst such to get again
Your ring, when all and each would glibly rob
And ease you of it, as you walk the streets?
Cha. A philosophic thief, and graphic, too!
Sta. Why seek then that is lost? 't would only add
Labour to loss;—a double loss, indeed!
What 's lost regard as lost:—now, helm-a-port!
Home to your master!
Cha. No runaway is this;
He thinks of home!
Sta. Ah! would that better ways,
The good old customs of the days now gone,—
Their habits, thrift, and prudence,—were in vogue
More than they are just now; when nothing but
Ill customs seem to flourish!
Cha. Bless the man!
Right royally does he philosophise!
He loves the good old ways, as *was* the wont,
Not is, alas!

Sta. For, now-a-days, men love
Not that is right and lawful, but that is
Agreeable, and to their pleasure tends.
And now ambition casts away all law,
And follows her own bent; so custom rules!
Whilst yet, and strange! to cast away one's shield,
And fly the enemy, full license custom gives!
Seek honour for itself, and not for gain,—
'T is deemed a crime, by custom!

Cha. Bad, indeed!

Sta. The steady workers are passed by,—and left
Neglected in the race, by jobbery;—
So custom rules!

Cha. A wicked custom that!

Sta. For custom now hath mastered all our laws;
Laws bend to custom, and give way to it,
As foolish parents to their wayward sons!
Alas! for now in vain our laws are fixed[1]
By iron bolts upon our Forum-walls.
Far better were it if they so nailed up
All evil customs, bad examples, there!

Cha. I will approach the man, and speak to him;
But still I like to hear the fellow talk:
I fear if I address him, he will stop,
Or change his subject.

Sta. Evil customs law
Forbears to touch;—for law serves custom now!
While custom carries every thing with it,
Nor heeds its victims, sacred or profane,
Public or private;—all must yield to *it!*

Cha. Sure, on such customs vengeance due will fall!

Sta. Have I not seen this in the world at large,
That all such men who so build custom up

[1] Hor. Od. III. 24, 35:
"Quid leges sine moribus vanæ proficiunt?"

Are enemies to others, harm the state?
By *their* untruth they banish truth from all,
Rob *them* of credit, who yet truth revere!
For by ill samples we oft judge amiss,
And oft the good condemn unworthily!
Now, in these days, if you should lend a man
A sum of money—why, 't is gone;—'t is his;—
He ne'er returns it! Should you ask of him
Repayment of your loan, you turn your friend
Into an enemy! Should you ask again,
A choice of evils straight is offered you,
To lose your money, or to lose your friend!
This state of things is forced upon me now——
Cha. Why this, at last, 's my servant Stasimus!
Sta. For having lent a talent to a friend,
I find I 've bought an enemy, sold a friend,
For just that sum;—but foolish of me now
To thus lament the evils of the age,
And guard the public weal, whilst all the time
I am neglecting what concerns me more,
To keep the skin unbroken on my back,
And save the whipping to my absence due!
So home I 'll go.
Cha. Ho, there! my man, pray stop!
Sta. But stop I 'll not.
Cha. I want you!
Sta. But suppose
I do not choose that you should want me thus?
Cha. Ah! be not angry, Stasimus!
Sta. Buy a slave
To give your orders to.
Cha. I bought one once
And paid the money down—what now if he
Obeys me not, what should I do to him?
Sta. Give him the lash!

Cha. 'T is good advice, I will.
Sta. But spare him if he 's served thee well.
Cha. I will,
If he is good, and I 'm obliged to him:
But if he 's not, I 'll do as you advise.
Sta. What care I if your slaves be good or bad?
Cha. But care you will, for you 've both qualities.
Sta. I give the bad to thee—give me the good.
Cha. If you deserve—but come, I 'm Charmides.
Sta. But who is he that names that good man's name?
Cha. I, the good man himself.
Sta. O earth, sea, sky,
Ye gods! regard us! do I see aright?
Art *he*—or art not *he?* Thou 'rt *he* indeed!
He, certainly! most truly *he!* All hail,
O master long expected and desired!
Cha. Hail to thee, Stasimus!
Sta. Glad I am.
Cha. I know
Thou 'rt glad to see me back, but put aside
All else, and answer me—How fare they all,
My children, son and daughter?
Sta. They are well.
Cha. What! both?
Sta. Yes, both.
Cha. For that I thank the gods!
The rest I 'll ask thee when at ease within;
So now, let 's home—and follow me.
Sta. But, stop,
Where goest thou, my master?
Cha. Where? but home!
Sta. Alas! you think we still live *there!*
Cha. Where else
Can I suppose we live?
Sta. But now—

Cha. What now?
Sta. No longer is the house our own!
Cha. Alas!
What is 't I hear?
Sta. Your son hath sold the house.
Cha. Undone! undone!
Sta. The money was paid down.
Cha. How much?
Sta. For forty minæ it was sold.
Cha. O worse and worse! who bought it?
Sta. Callicles!
To whom you trusted all!—*he* lives here now,
And turned us out of doors.
Cha. Where lives my son?
Sta. Here in this postern cottage.
Cha. Woe is me!
Sta. Alas! I knew how sad 't would be to you!
Cha. O wretched man I am! – escaped the sea,
And all its hazards,—hazards, too, of life
At pirates' hands—returned in safety, that
I thus should be struck down: and that by those
For whom thus aged I have spent myself!
My sorrow breaks my heart! I sink! I faint!
Uphold me, Stasimus!
Sta. Shall I water seek?
Cha. When the blow struck, then had I need of much!

SCENE IV.

CALLICLES—CHARMIDES—STASIMUS.

Cal. What cries heard I before my doors just now?
Cha. O Callicles! O Callicles! alas!
To what a friend did I entrust my son!

Cal. To one who 's honest, true, and of good faith;
And so I bid you welcome home again!
Cha. If what you say is true, I take your word—
Accept your greeting: but, this outward garb—
What is it? why this spade?
Cal. I 'll tell you all;
I was engaged, when late I heard your cries,
In digging up the treasure in your house;
That I might thence a proper dowry give
Unto your daughter: but within I 'll tell
The story through—now follow me, my friend.
Cha. Ho! Stasimus! to Piræus quickly run,
And make one course of it;—there is the ship
I came in;—you will see her in the port.
Sagario bid all my effects to land
With care, according to my orders given;
Go yourself with him:—all port-dues are paid.
Sta. I 'll not delay.
Cha. Go quick! return forthwith!
Sta. I 'm there and here!
Cal. Come in with me.
Cha. I will.
Sta. A friend, and true! Now he alone of all
Stood firmly by my master from the first!
Nor wavered in his purpose, nor gave way,
Although full many troubles he has stemmed,
To guard his absent friend from harm and wrong,
In children and in property! a friend
In deed—and only worthy of the name!

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

LYSITELES.

Lys. He is a lucky fellow, chief of all,
Whose hopes with pleasure joy hath crowned at last!
Such is my happy lot, for all turns out
Just as I would;—my wishes straight fulfilled,
Joy heaped on joy,—all things go merrily!
For just now Stasimus, Lesbonicus' slave,
Came to our house, and told me that his lord,
E'en Charmides, had just arrived in port!
Now, quick! I 'll meet him—that what I 've arranged
With Lesbonicus may at once receive
His father's sanction, and so all stand good.
I 'll hence—but what 's this warning noise? the doors
Open for some one most ill-timedly!

SCENE II.

CHARMIDES—CALLICLES—LYSITELES.

Cha. Ne'er was a man, nor will be, nor could be
Of mortal mould, so true a friend as thou,
Of faith toward thy friend pre-eminent!

Cal. If aught I've done of good unto my friend,
Or if I've managed his affairs aright,
'T is not a credit; — simply duty done; —
Or, say, it is th' avoiding of a fault!
Give a man aught — to be his own, — 't is gone!
Give aught to use, — the same upon demand
You have again.
Cal. 'T is, truly, as you say.
Cha. But this to me 's a matter of surprise,
That he his sister should have pledged in troth
To one of such a noble family,
Lysiteles, the son of Philto.
Lys. Me
He names!
Cha. The best connexion here in town.
Lys. Why do I shrink from straight addressing them?
But no — I 'll wait — 't is quite as well that I
Should hear their talk.
Cha. But —
Cal. What?
Cha. I quite forgot
To tell you when within, of what occurred
As I arrived just now; — I met a man
Here in the street — a trickster, — face to face; —
A sycophant full-blown, and far too sharp!
The fellow would persuade me that he brought
A thousand pounds *from me* to give *to you*
And Lesbonicus. Him I ne'er had seen
Until that hour — knew him not at all!
I see you laugh!
Cal. 'Twas I who sent the man,
To act a part for me — to bring the gold
To me as though *from you* — that I might so
Pay dowry on your daughter's marriage-day.
This was my object; — to elude your son,

That he might think the money came from you
When I so paid it o'er;—might not suspect
How matters really stood,—that I possess'd
A treasure,—yours, not mine,—and then might claim
The whole by law, as being his father's!
Cha. Good,
Indeed!
Cal. The plot our friend Meg'ronides
Concocted in goodwill, to aid us so.
Cha. A plot of good device—approvable!
Lys. How foolish of me thus to stand aloof,
And fear to intervene with word of mine,
And so complete my purpose! I will speak!
Cha. Who's this approaching?
Lys. Charmides, his son
By marriage soon, Lysiteles salutes!
Cha. Heaven's blessing rest on thee, Lysiteles!
Cal. Am *I* not worthy of your greeting, sir?
Lys. Yea, truly, Callicles!—thee I greet as well;—
It is but right that I should place *him* first:
The tunic comes before one's cloak, you know.
Cha. I pray that Heaven your counsels may direct!—
I hear my daughter is betrothed to you?
Lys. Unless *you* should object.
Cha. Most willing I.
Lys. You give me, then, your daughter unto wife?
Cha. I give her, and, besides, her portion add
A thousand golden Philips.
Lys. But her dower
I would not take!
Cha. Well, if she pleases you,
The dowry too must so, she brings with her.
In fact, you shall not wed her, as you wish,
Unless you take her dower against your wish.

Cal. 'Tis only right.
Lys. Since you this advocate,
And so decide, I yield the point to him.
On these conditions, then, you grant my suit—
That I should wed your daughter?
Cha. That I grant.
Cal. And I, too, grant it with my friend.
Lys. All hail!
Ye who are now my relatives, all hail!
Cha. But yet there is a matter, Callicles,
Which angers me in part 'gainst thee, my friend.
Cal. What have I done?
Cha. You let my son run wild.
Cal. If willingly I erred, your anger 's just;
But grant me this one favour——
Cha. What is that?
Cal. If aught he 's done of ill, that ill forgive!
Why shake your head?
Cha I grieve at heart, and fear——
Cal. Wherefore, I pray?
Cha. I grieve because *he* is
That I would not; I fear, should I deny
Your prayer, lest *you* should think you weigh with me
Less than you did. I will not grudge thee this:—
It shall be as you ask.
Cal. A noble act!
I 'll call him forth.
Cha. How wrong it is that I
Should punishment withhold when it is due!
Cal. Ho, open there, at once! and, if at home,
Send Lesbonicus out! A sudden need
Arises, that I would a word with him!

SCENE III.

LESBONICUS — CHARMIDES — CALLICLES.

Les. Who is't that calls me thus so loudly forth?
Cal. A well-wisher and friend.
Les. I hope all's well?
Cal. All's well! I'm glad your father has returned
In safety.
Les. Who says that?
Cal. I say it.
Les. What! —
Hast seen him?
Cal. Yes, and that you may yourself—
Les. O father—father mine—
Cha. All hail, my son,
And blessings on thee!
Les. Father, if I have ——
Cha. 'Tis past—fear not! I have returned all well—
My purpose gained, if only *you* are wise.
The daughter of my friend is pledged to you—
Of my friend Callicles.
Les. Father, it is well!—
I'll wed her willingly,—or whom you will.
Cha. What? though but now I anger felt towards you!
Cal. One trouble for each man is sure enough!
Cha. But not for *him!* For if, for all his faults,
He were condemned to wed a hundred wives,
'Twould still fall short.
Les. But henceforth I will be
Steady and good.

Cha. Your words are good—let them
Be followed by good deeds!
Les. What hinders, then,
That I to-morrow should bring home my wife?
Cal. 'Tis well!—then by the next day ready be!——
——With acclamations loud approve our Play!

THE END.

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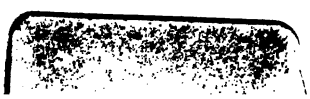

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